



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

Going in, I lost only one of the skirts of my coat, and would have possibly reached the pit in my monoskirted costume, but that on the steps, as we went up to the pit, a man, who smelt strongly of cheese and onions, requiring a purchase, by which to force himself up the steps, placed his elbow against the stomach of a French lady who was next him, and by this ingenious contrivance, which another man might not have thought of, pressed forward. The lady fainted with the pain, and fell back into my arms; the cheese-iverous man got into the pit, cheered by some of his companions, while I retreated to get cold water to recover the fair foreigner. By the time she had got sufficiently well to be put into a coach, and sent home, the announcement of "Pit full," was stuck up at the door, and I walked home, meditative and skirtless, revolving in my mind, the peculiar nature of the amiableness of the English common people.

THE DRAMA.

In the last week the theatre has been dull, stale, flat, and (what is no doubt far worse in the opinion of the manager) unprofitable. Massaniello has been succeeded by "Love in Wrinkles," a piece of very inferior merit; it seems, as far as we could judge, a poor translation from the French. The music is the composition of an amateur, Mr. Fetis, the author of several clever letters on the English composers, published in the Harmonicon. Our limits will not permit us to go into minute criticism on either the piece, or its performance; in fact, though Braham and Fanny Ayton were to sing, the theatre was empty, and we left it, fearing to catch cold.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The forthcoming volume of the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, will contain a very important essay on the History, Literature, and Antiquities of ancient Ireland, by John D'Alton, Esq. Barrister at Law. This essay obtained the Cunningham medal, and the full premium of eighty pounds from the academy.

It will be gratifying to the medical profession to learn that a new volume of Dublin Hospital Reports, is now in course of publication, under the able superintendence of Dr. Graves.

Mr. McGregor is busily engaged upon a third series of Stories from the History of Ireland; comprising the period from the accession of James I. to the Legislative Union in 1801. We believe the series will be completed in two volumes.

The new Greek-English Lexicon, which we announced in our last number, is not by Dr. Hincks, but by his father the Rev. Thos. Dix. Hincks, formerly of the Cork Institution.

A volume of Poems, entitled "Leisure Hours," by James Moore Shelley, is stated to be in the press, and nearly ready for publication.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

SOME inhabitants of Belfast and the neighbourhood, have lately commenced a Botanic Garden. The ground taken is most eligibly situated, having its entrance from the old Dublin road, and it has been laid out under the direction of Mr. Thomas Drummond, who was assistant botanist to Dr. Richardson, and spent

several months in exploring the Rocky mountains. This society is under the patronage of the Marquis and Marchioness of Donegal, and has lately received a most liberal and valuable present of young trees and shrubs from the nurseries of Collon, the gift of the Lord Viscount Ferrard, as well as several rare plants from Lady Dufferin.

The number of matriculated students in the Belfast institution, during the present session, exceeds two hundred, which is more than in any preceding session. The lectures of Mr. Ferrie, the newly elected professor of moral philosophy, are well attended and much admired.

There has been nothing further decided yet as to the Munster College.

It is proposed to establish a College, on the London University plan, at Bristol. The citizens have come to the resolution "That some public provision and establishment, for literary and scientific education, on an enlarged scale, and at a moderate expense, would be a most valuable acquisition to the City of Bristol and its vicinity."

It is proposed to raise 15,000*l.* in 300 transferable Shares of 50*l.* each, to begin with.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

On reading over again Letters of the Dead.

Oh! heart-poured thoughts! that now have grown
Too sculpture-like in form;
Freezingly beautiful, to us
Who knew the fountain warm:
Who clasped the hand that left you here
When life was in its language dear;
Who lived upon its fondness mute,
Who saw hope's flower, and see its fruit

Oh breathless words! that take
Amid the stillness round
The very voice that earth has lost,
A sweet but startling sound,
From lips that seem again to move
Before us in their laughing love;
As then when yet this sunny earth
To us seemed only made for mirth.

Fond feelings! left behind
Like the delicious breath,
Of a last summer's rose
Faded by wasting death;
Its form, its colour fled away
With earth's stern wanderer decay,
While, rich as life, its lingering scent
Of summer yet is eloquent.

Sad fragrant essence of the soul
Thus severed from the clay!
Twilight of love! whose sun has set
Upon our earthly day,
Yet for a little takes not quite
Away from us its blessed light,
Which upwards through the darkness still
Streams soft, (itself invisible.)

Alas! we know at last
Too vividly, the worth
The shallowness of all that's sweet
That's beautiful on earth:—
Ever like mockery of our tears,
The volume of departed years
Opens its iron page before
Our eyes; and they are young no more.

Yes; we are wiser than we were
We wish no lost one back:—
Plunged deeper in our being's dream
The starless midnight black
Of drowning mystery, leaves the mind,
To faith's calm moonlight half resigned;
And over us your accents come
Like music of the exile's home.

But thanks to truth's pure light severe,
We have not lived in vain,
Since there is left a peaceful health
Upon the awakened brain;
Nor will we think too deeply now,
On how we reached this calm—or how
The change was wrought in us—enough
Life's veil is torn for ever off.

And ye! whose seals in trembling joy
Were broken in the years,
Ere minds that were too high for earth,
Had done with hopes and fears;
Ere grief-bowed heads were laid at last
Too low to heed the unkind world's blast,
We fold you to your rest again,
With one mute kiss—one lingering ken.

Z. Y.

TO OUR READERS.

We this day present our readers with an impression of our paper, every copy of which is stamped. Before entering into the expensive arrangements requisite for undertaking a new paper on a novel plan, we naturally sought an explicit sanction from the Stamp Office, as that was indispensable before we could commence. We certainly expected that the privilege enjoyed by similar Literary papers in London and Edinburgh, would have been conceded to ours, namely, that of publishing a part of our impression unstamped, for town circulation, and the remainder stamped, for transmission by post. This, however, we were assured at the Stamp Office was contrary to law, and to that decision, after every effort, we were finally compelled to submit. So far we were purchasers with notice. But we were distinctly and repeatedly informed, that we might exercise a free choice as to whether we should stamp the whole impression, or publish the whole unstamped. We preferred the latter alternative, on account of the saving of expense to our readers; and to make assurance doubly sure, we solicited the written permission of the Office, to publish our Paper with Advertisements, on an unstamped sheet. We were desired to furnish our request in writing, which we did; and, after the lapse of many days, we were favored with an official letter from the highest officer of Stamps in Ireland, containing the permission in the precise terms in which we had sought it. On this we acted; but when our first publication was taken to the office to be registered, on Saturday last, we were told it was a Newspaper, and that every copy must be stamped. We sent for our letter, as a triumphant refutation of this assertion—but, on producing it, we were informed, that though our publication was in strict conformity to the terms there prescribed, yet as that letter was in contradiction to law, we had been led into an error which was now to be corrected—and, in a word, that we must either stamp or stop.—The latter was impossible, as we were already under obligations to the Public, which it was our duty to fulfil; and property to a large amount was embarked in the undertaking. We have, therefore, chosen the other horn of the dilemma—and shall, in future, publish every copy stamped. This is an addition of twopence to the cost price of the Paper, which, under the painful circumstances of having this unexpected change thus forced upon us, we shall divide with the Public, and add only a single penny to our price, depending solely on a very extended circulation for repayment of our heavy expense.

The Paper can now, of course, be transmitted through the Post-Office by any one, like an ordinary Newspaper.

It is but justice to the Officers of Stamps to add, that in our personal intercourse with them, we were uniformly treated with the utmost courtesy and attention. They at once admitted and bewailed that we had been grievously misled; but having satisfied themselves of the law, they could not swerve from its enactments.